

*The Historie*

*Hot.* That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight: O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saist thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madheaded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith, ile know your busines Harry, that I wil, I feare, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to linc his enterprife, but if you goe,

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraquito, answere mee directly, vnto this question that I shall aske: in faith, ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifler, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world

To play with maimets, and to tilt with lips;  
We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes,  
And passe them currant too: gods me, my horse:

What saist thou Kate? what woldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?

Well, doe not then, for since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me?

Nay, tell me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare,

I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me,

Whither I goe, nor reason, whereabout:

Whither I must, I must, and to conclude,

This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate:

I know you wife, but yet no farther wife,

Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecy,

No Lady closer, for I well beleue;

Thou wilt not vtter, what thou dost not know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far?

*Hot.*

*of Henry the fourth.*

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*Hot.* Not an inch further, but harke you Kate,

Whither I goe, thither shall you goe too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you:

Will this content you, Kate?

*La.* It must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Poines.*

*Prin.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poi.* Where hast bin, Hal?

*Prin.* With three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or fourescore hogsheds. I haue founded the very base string of humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names; as Tom, Dicke, and Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of Curtesie, & tel me flatly, I am no proud Iacke, like Falstaffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettall, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me) and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker, in his own language, during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me, in this action; but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vndersinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then eight shillings and sixe pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition, anon, anon sir; skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to driue away the time till Falstaffe come: I prethee, doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the sugar, and doe thou neuer leaue calling Frances, that his tale to me may be nothing but anon: step aside, and ile shew thee a present.

*Poi.* Frances.

*Prin.* Thou art perfect.

*Prin.* Frances.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Prin.* Anon, anon sir. Looke downe into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

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*Prin.*